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NUGGETS  
OF GOLD

FOR

**TEMPERANCE CAMPAIGNS**  
**ENLARGED EDITION**

BY

**JOHN M. WHYTE.**

TORONTO :

**WILLIAM BRIGGS,**  
**WESLEY BUILDINGS.**

MONTRÉAL : C. W. COATES.

HALIFAX : S. F. HUESTIS.

*Single Copy, 25c., postpaid. Per Doz., \$2.50; Per Hundred, \$17.50, carriage extra.*

*Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand nine hundred,  
by JOHN MARCHANT WHYTE, at the Department of Agriculture.*

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## P R E F A C E.

WHYTE, J. M. —

1316 "NUGGETS OF GOLD" have been listened to by most enthusiastic crowds in our largest cities. They have been through the fires of public temperance opinion, and have proved to be real Nuggets of Gold, suitable not only for temperance meetings, but also for entertainments and devotional exercises. They will require study and rehearsal to bring out the soul that I have tried to put in them; not as ditties, easily sung and as easily forgotten, but firm and lasting, and bright and pure as gold.

May God bless them for good wherever and by whomsoever they are sung.

JOHN M. WHYTE.

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Persons or churches or societies desiring the services of John M. Whyte, or of John and Judson, duet, with harp and guitar accompaniment, should address: John M. Whyte, 79 Langley Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

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Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, by JOHN MARCHANT WHYTE, at the Department of Agriculture.

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WHYTE.

M. Whyte, or of  
, should address :

ousand eight hundred  
of Agriculture.

# 1 OH, THE DRINKING!

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. Oh, the drinking, sin - ful drinking, Through the land from sea to sea;
2. Oh, the weeping, saddest weeping, Where's the home that's free from tears?
3. Oh, the bleeding hearts and broken— Broken by the curse of rum!
4. Oh, the mounds beneath the willows, In the cit - y of the dead;
5. Oh, to die and be for - sak - en In the land beyond the tomb!

Death and hell their hands are linking, To destroy what's dear to me;  
Dripping o'er some loved one sleeping, Killed by drink in form - er years.  
Depths of woe no words have spoken, Soon or late will sure - ly come;  
Where the teur-stained flow'ry pillow Rests a - bove each fal - len head.  
By the judgment day o'er - tak - en, What will be the drunkard's doom?

CHORUS.

Oh, the drinking, sin - ful drinking, Glasses ring and voie - es cheer,

While to drunkards' graves are sinking Half a mil - lion ev - 'ry year.

## 2 MAKE WAY FOR THE CHILDREN.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE

1. Oh, Can - a - da, wake! for thy children's dear sake; Oh, do you not  
 2. No slaves ev - er trod on Fair Can - a - da's sod, One touch of her  
 3. The boys of our land by their moth-er will stand, Her counsel they  
 4. Make way, yes make way for the children to play, In safe - ty wher-  
 5. If Christians would pray and then vote the same way, The children their

hear their sad eries? 'Tis sin - ful to sleep while the lit - tle ones weep!  
 hand made them free; But mothers must cry while their lit - tle ones die,  
 can - not de - spise; They'll banish the cup, the saloons they'll close up;  
 ev - er they roam; Let no curse of rum to their doors ev - er come,  
 rights would have soon, For men would be sent down to each gov-ern-ment

CHORUS.

Oh, Can - a - da, quickly a - rise,  
 Be - cause of rum's dark slav-er - y.

"Make way for my children," she cries. Make way for the children, make  
 Make way for the children at home,  
 Whose votes would close up the saloon.

way; Ye Christian men vote as you pray; Saloons must go

out, there is not the least doubt, The children would vote it that way.

3

J. M. V.

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4.

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J. M. WHYTE.

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y'll close up;  
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children, make

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t that way.

3

## LOOK UNTO HIM.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. All glo - ry to him who died on the tree,  
2. My heart was o'erwhelmed with sin and de - spair,  
3. He laid his kind hand up - on my dead heart,  
4. I wish the whole world, so sunk en in woe,

He paid the great price for my soul; He poured out his  
I looked not to Je - sus in vain; I fell at his  
And death with him yield - ed the strife: What-ev - er may  
Would look un - to him who saved me; If on - ly man-

love on Cal - vry for me, I am thro' his suff'ring made whole.  
feet and cried to him there, Oh, save me for whom thou wast slain.  
come, I'll nev - er de - part From him who hath giv - en me life.  
kind their Sav - iour would know, This world would be hap - py and free,

## CHORUS.

1st. { Oh, look un - to him, look to him who was slain;  
2nd. { Oh, look un - to Jesus, look to him who was slain;

2nd. { For no one shall look un - to Jesus, in vain,

2nd. { None look un - to Jesus, in vain,

1st | 2nd |  
Ye na - tions look and live. But shall life e - ter - nal receive.

## DOWN WITH THE TRAFFIC.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. Ye peo - ple of Can - a - da lis - ten, I've something I  
 2. The churches have passed res - o - lu - tions, In sol - id con -  
 3. One ple - bi - scite vote has been tak - en, We vot - ed, we  
 4. With all temp'rance peo - ple u - nit - ed, Our Gov - ern - ment  
 5. I'm one stripe of pol - i - ties, broth - er, And your stripe is  
 6. If Lau - ri - er, Mow - at and Hard - y, And Fos - ter and

want you to hear; There's trouble in store for our na - tion, Be -  
 ven - tions each year, To stamp out the drinking of whisky And  
 trust not in vain; And yet, notwithstanding the verdict, It  
 lead - ers, no doubt, With most earn - est con - sid - er - a - tion, Might  
 different, no doubt; And yet, if we'd cross them to - geth - er, A  
 Tupper'd u - nite, To lead on against this de - stroy - er We'd

cause of this whisky and beer. It hinders our mor - al ad -  
 wipe out the traf - fic in beer. We do not want less res - o -  
 seems we're to try it a - gain. So let us be read - y and  
 turn all sa - loon - keep - ers out. But when we de - vour one an -  
 might - y big cross would show out: Twould cover this land like our  
 fol - low them close in the fight. There's many a thing we'd for -

vancement, It men - ac - es ev - er - y home, It fills ev - 'ry  
 lu - tions, But more res - o - lu - tion to do; And if it's by  
 wait - ing, To vote just the same as be - fore; Un - til we se -  
 oth - er, A spec - ta - cle then we be - come, And whisky men  
 ban - ner, With crosses in ev - er - y fold, That floats for the  
 give them, There's many a pray'r we would raise, There's many a

M. WHYTE.

## DOWN WITH THE TRAFFIC—*Continued.*

soul with its rag - ings, Who drinks of the poison - ous foam.  
vot - ing, to bur - y With bal - lots this monster from view.  
cure the right mea - sure, To nail up the liquor - shop door.  
laugh at our fail - ures And gov - ern - ments let in the rum.  
free-dom and hon - or Of Brit - ain, a thousand years old.  
sad wife and moth - er To heav - en would of - fer their praise.

### CHORUS.

Then, down with the traf - fie in whisky and beer, That drives from the

home ev - 'ry com - fort and cheer; Ye men of this na-tion may

vie - tor - y crown, Our fight with this monster to trample him down.

## A SONG FOR CANADA.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. A song, a song for Can - a - da, No land on earth so free;  
 2. Those olden days of Can - a - da Saw not the mark of Cain;  
 3. Shall we, the sons of Can - a - da, Stand by and see this foe

O sing, ye sons of Can - a - da, A na - tion now are we;  
 The vir - gin soil of Cau - a - da Was free from rum's dark stain;  
 Fling chains upon fair Can - a - da And fail to strike a blow?

The peaceful clime our fathers found Was un - der freedom's reign,  
 No ruined homes, no blasted lives, No slaves in fet - ters bound,  
 The time has come to break the locks And shatter ev - 'ry chain;

But rum has come to fling around Fair Can - a - da its chain,  
 No drunkards' graves, no weeping wives Forsaken, here were found.  
 We're marching to the bal - lot - box To set her free a - gain.

## CHORUS.

O sing, ye sons of Can - a - da, A glad tri - um - phant strain,

1. Good  
2. HelpHelp  
Helpcurse  
bond

J. M. WHYTE.

so free;  
k of Cain;  
this foe.

are we;  
s dark stain;  
a blow?

dom's reign;  
ters bound;  
ry chain;

its chain.  
were found.  
a - gain.

phant strain,

## A SONG FOR CANADA—Continued.

For rum is doomed, and Can - a - da Shall be set free a - gain.

6

## OUR CAUSE.

HENRY CAREY.

1. God bless our temp'rance band, Firm may we ever stand, For truth and right;  
2. Help us the chains to break, That greed and av'rice make By licensed laws;

Help us to work and pray; Teach us in wisdom's way, Our na - tion's  
Help us that we may be Champions of lib - er - ty; Help set the

1 God save our gracious Queen,  
Long live our noble Queen;  
God save the Queen;  
Send her victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us;  
God save the Queen.

curse to stay By thine own light.  
bondmen free Through our dear cause.

2 Thy choicest gifts in store  
On her be pleased to pour,  
Long may she reign;  
May she defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause  
To sing with heart and voice  
God save the Queen.

# THE YEARS, THE YEARS.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. The years, the years drop from our life Like leaves drop from a tree;
2. We used to sing, "Turn back, O Time, Turn backward in your flight,
3. If we, as men, could here to - day Reach back and clasp a hand,
4. God help the boy that goes a - stray, For - sak - ing mother's knee,

All crisp and brown, the frost - y knife Of time clips cease - less - ly;  
And make me once a - gain a child, A child just for to - night."  
A mother's hand now turned to clay, And there be - fore her stand;  
Who flings her sacred pray'rs a - way For in - fi - del - i - ty.

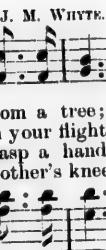
And looking back o'er past ca - reers, Our zig - zag footsteps make  
I would not be a child a - gain, Ex - cept for in - no - cence;  
We'd sure - ly tell her how her pray'rs Had al - ways gone be - fore.  
The day of re - tri - bu - tion sore Comes on him soon or late;

A - long the path strewn by those years, Our hearts they well nigh break.  
How lit - tle then I knew, how vain, How brief my pen - i - tence.  
And saved us from a thousand snares That spread our pathway o'er.  
The mighty God is at the door, His judgment may not wait.

## CHORUS.

They're gone, they're gone, those precious years, So of - ten spent in vain;

1 Stand  
Ye s  
Lift hi  
Nor  
From  
Our  
Till ev  
And



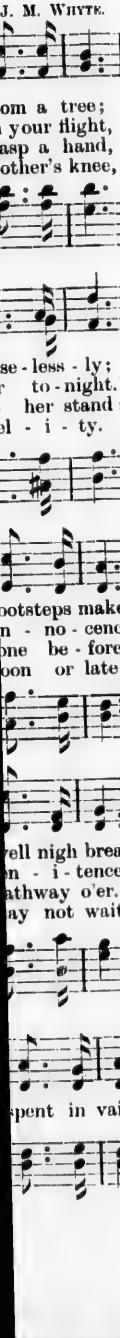
on a tree;  
your flight,  
asp a hand,  
other's knee,  
  
se - less - ly;  
er to - night,  
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ell nigh break.  
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ay not wait.

spent in vain;

## THE YEARS, THE YEARS—Continued.



No pleading words nor scalding tears Can bring them back a - gain.

## 8 STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS.

DUFFIELD.

G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross !  
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey ;  
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength alone ;

Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss :  
D.S. Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.  
Forth to the mighty con - flict, In this his glorious day :  
D.S. Your cour-age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.  
The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own :  
D.S. Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er wanting there.

FINE.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my he shall lead,  
"Ye that are men, now serve him" Against un-num-bered foes :  
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And, watching un - to pray'r,

D.S.

## STAND UP, STAND UP FOR TEMPERANCE.

1 Stand up, stand up for Temperance, Ye soldiers of our cause ; Lift high our royal banner, Nor let it suffer loss. From victory to victory Our army shall be led, Till every foe is vanquished And all are free indeed.	2 Stand up, stand up for Temperance, Against unnumbered foes : Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose : Forth to this mighty conflict — Go in this glorious hour — Where duty calls or danger, Be never wanting there.
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## 9

## CANADA SHALL YET BE FREE.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. Do you hear that cry peal-ing forth to-day, Let Can - a -  
 2. From the license law, from the bar-room sway, Let Can - a -  
 3. They have promised oft, let them now ful - fil, Let Can - a -  
 4. From the monster's chain, from his dead-ly grip, Let Can - a -

da be free?" From a million hearts in Can - a - dian homes,  
 da be free. 'Tis a plain demand; shall they hear or not?  
 da be free. From the drunkard's home to the drunkard's grave,  
 da be free. If the government fail to leg - is - late,

From the men of God un - der Christian domes, Comes the  
 Do our rul - ers sleep? are they dead? or - what? Did this  
 While the march goes on, they re - fuse to save. Men who  
 Let them read their doom at no dis - tant date; "Turn the

mighty cry, "Take the drink away; let Can - a - da be free."  
 land not say at the polls one day, Let Can - a - da be free?  
 rule, beware! 'tis the people's will that Can - a - da be free.  
 ras - eals out" for a long, long trip; Let Can - a - da be free.

E.

J. M. Whyte.

Can - a -  
Can - a -  
Can - a -  
Can - a -

- dian homes,  
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arkard's grave,  
- is - late,

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e; "Turn the

a be free."  
a be free."  
a be free.  
a be free.

CANADA SHALL YET BE FREE—*Continued.*

CHORUS.



Fairest Can - a - da shall yet be free, From this demon and his



com - pa - ny; 'Tis the dawning, 'tis the daybreak, 'tis the  
It comes, it comes, it



glo - ry of the morn - - ing. It is coming,  
comes, 'tis the morning. It is coming, It



O 'tis coming, fairest Can - a - da shall yet be free,  
comes, it comes, and Can - a - da shall yet be free.



## 10 HAVE YOU NOTICED THAT?

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. Have you ev - er noticed this? When the fac - to - ries dis - miss,
2. See the brewer's children there, Driving down the thorough - fare,
3. Have you noticed, business man, That the li - quor deal - ers' plan
4. In the down-town churches' pews, Will be found the ones and twos

There are cer - tain men who stop to have a chat, have a chat,  
Warmly clad they are and look - ing fair and fat, fair and fat;  
Is to make you think that trade will go as flat, go as flat  
In the place where once the crowd - ed peo - ple sat, peo - ple sat;

With the man behind the bar, Drink their beer, then take a car  
While his patrons' children go, Starved and shiv'ring through the snow—  
As a pan-cake with a flop, And you'll have to close your shop  
While in drinking dens around Through the week are hundreds found—

So's to be in time—you've of - ten no - ticed that, no - ticed that.  
Have you temp'rance peo - ple ev - er no - ticed that? no - ticed that.  
If the drink - ing ceas - es—Have you no - ticed that? no - ticed that.  
Have you Christian peo - ple ev - er no - ticed that? no - ticed that.

5. In one  
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M. WHYTE.

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no-ticed that,  
no-ticed that,  
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## HAVE YOU NOTICED THAT?—*Continued.*

### CHORUS.

Yes, you've no - ticed all of that, and exclaimed "Where are we  
at!" "where are we at," For the drunkard making goes on, just the  
same, just the same ; While we sing or id - ly chat, Whisky men are  
waxing fat In their wealth, the price of pov - er - ty and shame.

5. In one legislative mill,  
To a noted temp'rance bill  
Men were deaf as posts and blinder  
than the bats;  
But they did one mighty thing,  
Of its greatness let us sing,  
In the theatre they lowered women's  
hats !!!

6. If the churches in their might  
On this question would unite,  
Down would go this monster whisky  
demon flat ;  
And the slaves of rum set free,  
To the Lord would bow the knee—  
Everybody in this land would notice  
that.

## A SLAVE TO DRINK.

J. M. W.

JOHN M. WHYTE.

1. He stood within the crowded hall, He heard the speak-er say :  
 2. The years turned backward in their flight, And now be - fore his gaze  
 3. He saw where he had dwelt a - while With wife and chil-dren dear,  
 4. He heard the call, but all too late, The ev - er length'ning chain

There yet is hope and joy for all Who turn from sin a - way.  
 Stood his own moth-er fair and bright, His joy in form - er days;  
 He saw them greet him with a smile, And slow - ly dis - ap - pear.  
 That bound his soul in dark-est hate, Went round him once a - gain.

Is there a soul by sin enslaved? Fell soft - ly on his ear,  
 That voice seemed like an ec - ho soft, A - way back in the past -  
 Thro' years of grief, which now had flown, They linger'd on the brink,  
 Out on the wild and bar - ren sands Heaped up by waves of sin,

*CHO.*—The mighty millions cry "How long, O Lord, wilt thou de - lay?"

D. S. for Chorus.

"Come un - to Me and be ye saved," The gracious day is near.  
 The voice of moth-er pleading oft, Till she went home at last.  
 And then, with all their hopes, went down, Killed thro' the de-mon drink.  
 With - out a hope, a - lone he stands, The slave of rum and gin.

*The blood of millions in that throng, Cries from the ground to - day.*

er say :  
is gaze  
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a - way;  
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a - gain.

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the brink,  
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S. for Chorus.

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and to - day.

“Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them . . . .

Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink.”

—ISA. v: 11, 12.

## THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC IN ONTARIO.

THE license report for the year 1897 was laid on the table of the Legislature yesterday. The financial aspect is first presented. The total revenue for the year 1896-97 was \$608,067 14, as compared with \$615,290 38 for the preceding year, a falling off of \$7,223 24. After paying the expenses in connection with the administration of the law the Province received \$270,906, and \$263,330 was paid to the municipalities. The diminution in receipts was due to a reduction in the number of licenses. The total number issued, inclusive of those for six months and beer and wine licenses, was 3,160, as compared with 3,191 for 1896. In 1874 there were 6,185 ordinary licenses in force in the Province. Ten years later, in 1884, there were 4,201. In 1889, after the Scott Act period, there were 3,560. Since that date there has been a constant decrease up to the year just closed, when 3,096 ordinary licenses were issued, a decrease since 1889 of 464. In looking over the number of licenses issued in the municipalities throughout the Province the following facts appear: In all there are 812 municipalities. In 187, or 23 per cent., of these there are no licenses of any kind. In 261 municipalities, or 32 per cent., only one or not more than two licenses are issued. In 448, or 55 per cent., either no tavern license is issued or not more than two. In 673 municipalities, or 82 per cent., no shop licenses are issued.

Turning to the statement giving the commitments to jail for drunkenness during the past twenty years, a very striking record is found. In 1877 these commitments numbered 4,032; in 1897 they numbered only 1,716, showing what appears to be a moral revolution. Since the year 1889, when the commitments numbered 4,797, the decrease has been constant, the commitments last year being the lowest in number ever recorded. Looking at last year's figures we find this also: That outside the six counties containing the larger cities of Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa, Kingston, London and Brantford, in which there were 1,200 commitments, in all the other 43 counties and districts there were but 516 commitments, or an average for each of one only for each month in the year, which is a gratifyingly favorable exhibit, and one on which the Province has reason to congratulate itself.—*From Toronto Globe.*

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“Woe unto him that giveth  
his neighbour drink, that put-  
teth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their  
nakedness.”

—HAB. ii: 15.

“This our son . . . is a  
glutton and a drunkard, and  
all the men of the city shall  
stone him.”

—DEUT. xxi: 20, 21.

“Be not deceived; neither  
fornicators, . . . nor drunk-  
ards . . . shall inherit the  
kingdom of God.”

—1 COR. vi: 9, 10.

## FOR MEN WHO WANT EMPLOYMENT

Every \$3,504 capital invested in—

Liquor business employs one man and pays a salary of about \$474 a year.

Boot and shoe business employs over eight men and pays about the same salary as above.

Furniture business employs nearly five men and pays about the same salary as above.

Building business employs nearly ten men and pays about the same salary as above.

Brickmaking business employs nearly eight men and pays about the same salary as above.

Carpet weaving business employs over three men and pays about the same salary as above.

Cotton manufacturer's business employs over three men and pays about the same salary as above.

Woolen manufacturer's business employs over three men and pays about the same salary as above.

Baker manufacturer's business employs over four men and pays about the same salary as above.

That is, where one man is employed on a capital of \$3,504 in the liquor business and gets a salary of about \$474 a year,

Over five men can be employed on the same capital in legitimate business and get about the same salary each per year.

The yearly bill for cotton, woolen and worsted goods, sugar and molasses, is about ..... \$1,000,000,000.

The yearly bill for liquor ..... 1,200,000,000.

The yearly bill for bread ..... 600,000,000.

The yearly bill for meat ..... 400,000,000.

The yearly bill for iron and steel ..... 300,000,000.

The yearly bill for public education ..... 100,000,000.

The yearly bill for clergy and mission ..... 20,000,000.

## VOTE THE DRINKING OUT.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.



1. See the temp'rance host advanc-ing, All a-long the line they cheer;
2. See the whisky ranks commen-cing To retreat in blank dismay;
3. Train your guns, ye temp'rance people, On their forts of murd'rous gain;
4. Rev - e - nues in murders year - ly Are to whisky drinking due;



Truth and right from shield are glancing, Lo! the vic - to - ry is near,  
 Back of rev - e - nue intrench-ing Is their on - ly hope to - day,  
 Ring the bells from ev - 'ry stee - ple, No more rev - e - nue from Cain,  
 All its gains we pay for dear - ly, Crime cuts down the rev - e - nue.



## CHORUS.



Vote the demon drink out, Make it one com - plete  
 Vote, vote, vote the drink out, Vote, vote, vote the



rout, Vote the drinking out, brother, Vote the drinking out,  
 drink out.



## WHO KILLED THIS MAN?

I. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. Who killed this man? was drink his foe? We found him dead out in the snow.  
 2. Who killed this man? whose is the sin? Ask him who keeps the bar within.  
 3. Who killed this man? who first held up To that boy's lips the poisoned cup?

A transient man without a friend, A tramp who's reached his journey's end,  
 That vile saloon across the way, Twas there he drank as drunkard's may.  
 The cup that set his brain on fire, That filled his soul with base desire.

Some body's darling, as they say, In childhood years, but gone astray.  
 But when he could not pay for more, They dragged him out and closed the door.  
 Till rushing on with awful pace, He passed his tempter in the race,

Who killed this man, still in his youth? Of this foul deed let's have the truth.  
 Who killed this man? some say they think This dead man here was killed by drink.  
 The villain who has laid the plan To ruin him—he killed this man.

4 Who k  
sun  
Sweet h  
Whose  
chil  
Would c  
To her d  
But who  
She clas  
And rai

J. M. WHYTE.

in the snow,  
e bar within  
poisoned cup?

is journey's end,  
trunkard's may,  
h base desire,

but gone astray,  
nd closed the door,  
ter in the race,

t's have the truth,  
was killed by drink,  
e killed this man.

## WHO KILLED THIS MAN? *Continued.*

### CHORUS.

Whokilledthisman? there'sno reply; Who cares that he should live or die?

On this grim acting day by day Ring down the curtain, stop the play;

As sure as God in heaven is, Our land will answer yet for this—

For ruined lives thus flung a-way to make a brewer's hol-i-day.

4 Who killed this man to whom were  
sung  
Sweet lullabys when he was young?  
Whose mother never dreamed her  
child  
Would ever be by drink defiled;  
To her dead boy she comes and kneels,  
But who knows what that mother feels?  
She clasps him in one-long embrace  
And rains her kisses on his face.

5 I ask again, who killed this man?  
Ye people answer if you can;  
Though seen upon the streets no  
more,  
His ghost appears at every door,  
While rum is made and bought and  
sold  
To ruin people young and old;  
Deny it every one who can,  
You've licensed it to kill this man.

## 14 SAVE OUR CHILDREN OR THEY DIE.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.



1. They are dy - ing, Oh, so fast! Wasted life is near-ly past! Going  
 2. We protest with lifted hand, When the trolley cars demand Every  
 3. There are mansions here and there In this country, good and fair, But the  
 4. Drink has had the best of soil, For it millions freely toil, Yet the



thence where darkness never yields to morn; When the boundary line is cross'd now and then a victim to their speed; What, my brothers, do you think brick and stone they're made of wail and ery; Ruined homes and lives built in fruit is bad, and woes their labor crown, There's an axe for every man,



They will be for - ev - er lost - It were better far such men had ne'er been born. Of the suicides thro' drink? Don't you think for prohibition there is need? Make them monuments of sin, And a reck'ning day is coming by and by. Broth - er use it all you can, Let us go at this old tree and hew it down.



### CHORUS.



Shall the fall - en perish while we're waiting? Let us now this wrong defy:



All around us women sup - pli - eating, "Save our children or they die."



## DIE.

J. M. WHITIE.

past! Going  
and Every  
fair, But the  
toil, Yet the

ary line is cross'd  
ers, do you think  
and lives built in  
or every man,

l ne'er been born.  
n there is need?  
ing by and by.  
and hew it down.

his wrong defy:

Iren or they die."

15

## TO THE CONFLICT.

R. G. P.

By per. Ruth G. Palmer

1. To the conflict, to the conflict! Sound the toe-sin, call the brave;  
2. Not the sheen of burnished armor, Nor the din of clashing steel;  
3. Rise against that foe of manhood, Hon-or, pu-ri-ty and truth,  
4. Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, From the bat-tle do not shrink:

Who would strike a blow for freedom, Who would home and country save,  
Not the thrill of martial mu-sic, Nor the trump'a-lar-um peal;  
Cut-ting down by man-y millions, Hour-y age and rud-y youth.  
Let us fight to break the fet-ters Binding men to demon drink.

Rea-ly, muster all your for-ces, For the foe is in the field,  
Not the beck of waving banners, Nor the call of rolling drum;  
Shame and sorrow, want and hor-ror, Fol-low in the fear-ful train:  
And the Lord who watches o'er us Shall our strength and succor be,

And to naught but dauntless courage Will the mighty legions yield,  
Not the breath of raging cannon, 'Tis not these that bid you come,  
Strik-en women, homeless children, Gather round its heaps of slain,  
Till the last shive of the wine-cup From his bondage shall be free,

J. M. W.

(Dedicated to Prof. W. O. Forsyth.)

J. M. WHYTE.

1. Tho' down in the paths of dis-honor and shame, And bringing disgrace  
 2. Tho' dwelt at ease in a palace of state, Tho' feasted and sung  
 3. When stretched on a couch of be-wil-der-ing pain, He longed for the days  
 4. Tho' whitened his locks with the frost of the years, He'll nev-er for-get  
 5. Some day he will stand by a grass-covered mound, Where true-hearted moth-

on his mother's fair name, The moments will come in the midst of his glee,  
 in the halls of the great, A voice of the past calls a way from the throng,  
 of his childhood a-gain, And mother to come from the heaven-ly land,  
 the softplash of her tears That fell on his face as she rocked him to sleep,  
 er lies un-der the ground, And gaze past the sun-set of Jas-per and gold,

CHORUS.

When he will remember the prayer at her knee, Oh, hearts that are broken! oh,  
 His mother's sweet voice in a lul-la-by song.  
 To soothe him to rest with the touch of her hand.  
 Oh, hearts that are broken, oh, mothers that weep!  
 To catch but a glimpse of her face as of old.

mothers that weep! What billows of sorrow must over them sweep! O wandering  
 boy, far away from thy God, Come back to the path that thy mother hath trod.

The hymns on opposite page may be sung to this tune, using latter half of double stanzas  
 on chorus.

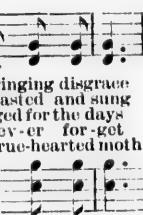
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 " Oh, go  
 that  
 Rememb  
 nigh



idst of his glee,  
from the throng,  
heaven-ly land,  
laid him to sleep,  
jas-per and gold,



that are broken oh,



ep! O wandering



ay mother hath trod.

of double stanzas

## CANADA THE GOOD.

1 They tell of a nation, a land of the Good,  
With beautiful children and fair womanhood;  
They sing of its noblemen, honest and true— [too.  
Its elegant statesmen and governors, They boast of its churches on many a street, [meet;  
In many a city where worshippers Yet there's a great wrong which must needs be withstood.  
Before we succeed to the title of Good.

## CHORUS.

O Canada, called by some people the Good, [should.  
Awake to thy danger, and do as you If thou wouldst no longer be misunderstood,

Then close up thy bar-rooms and practise the Good.

2 Thou art a fair country, an elegant land,  
And yet thou hast stretched out thy delicate hand  
To shelter the Monster that's wringing the blood  
And tears from thy children, good land of the Good. [count,  
That revenue plea never, never will  
Thy hand must be washed in the penitent's fount;

Then hold it out free from suspicion of blood [them good.  
To rescue thy children and help

3 The record is darker as year after year  
These pestilent dens by thy sanction are here;  
Their powers of evil sweep on like a flood, [the Good.  
To sink thee forever, thou land of Before the wide world thou art surely no saint,  
While drinking goes on with but little restraint;  
And, how shall thy sons reach the noblest manhood  
Midst three thousand bars in a country so good?

4 I trust we'll remember the record of all [ment hall;  
Who stand for the whisky in Parlia- Their heads, when again at the polls they have stood,  
We'll drop in the basket, because they're no good. [Truth.  
O Canada, lead in the battle for And strike to the death this De- stroyer of youth.  
My country, I love thee, no land ever stood  
So nearly deserving the title of Good.

J. M. WHYTE.

## SOMEWHERE, AH! YES, SOMEWHERE.

1 Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, in anguish and tears,  
A mother looks back o'er the flight of the years,  
When bright as the morning, and pure as the dew, [grew.  
The child of her love in his innocence Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere fast hastening on, [has gone;  
In ways that are sinful, her loved one Her wandering boy going farther astray; [to-day.  
Despising the prayers of his mother

Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, a mother in prayer, Is crying to heaven her darling to spare:  
"Oh, may my lost boy listen, Lord, to thy voice, [rejoice." And o'er his return let my poor heart

2 Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, a pale mother stands, And pleads with her boy, as she clasps her thin hands; "Oh, go not, my boy, in the ways that are wrong, Remember, I pray for you all the night long."

3 Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, a mother to-night, Will pray for her boy till the dawn of the light: Then fold her pale hands on her slow-heaving breast— [rest. The morning will find her forever at Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere out under the sod, [in God; A mother lies sleeping who trusted Oh, where is the boy that received her last kiss, [in bliss? And promised his mother to meet her

J. M. WHYTE.

## TRIM YOUR LAMP.

J. M. W.

J. M. WILSON.

1. Brightly beaming forth from out that heart of thine, Let the light of  
 2. Down the way that seemeth right for man to go, Precious souls are  
 3. In the sad and lonely cit - y of the dead, There's a grass - y  
 4. In the broad, broad way, where darkest shadows frown, His un - wa - ry  
 5. Let the light of Je - sus from the cross revealed, Let his Precious

Je - sus 'round thy pathway shine; Peering through the shadows, lost ones  
 rush - ing on to death and woe; Flash the light, my brother, through the  
 mound with marble at its head—Sad the sto - ry, yet to tell it  
 feet were lured to wander down, Through the love of pleasure, in - to  
 Blood, which your redemption sealed, Be the theme, my brother, in your

yet may learn Where the path of Je - sus leads, and so re - turn.  
 sha - dows deep, Till they see, that as they sow, thus shall they reap.  
 who shall dare? For a brok - en - hearted mother's boy lies there!  
 dark de - spair, Till his life went out—but God a - lone knows where.  
 life and song. LIGHT OF JE - SUS, let it reach the dy - ing throng.

## CHORUS.

Oh, my broth - er, trim your lamp and hold it up.  
 Oh, my broth - er, trim your lamp. Trim your lamp and hold it up.

Light of Je - sus, light of Je - sus, hold it up. Let it  
 Light of Je - sus, light of Je - sus, hold it up, Let it

J. M. WOOD.

the light of  
ious souls are  
re's a grass - y  
Bis un - wa - ry  
his Precious

adows, lost ones  
her, through the  
to tell it  
sure, in - to  
ther, in your

so re - turn.  
shall they reap.  
boy lies there!  
one knows where.  
dy - ing throng.

it up.  
and hold it up,

up. Let it  
up, Let it

## TRIM YOUR LAMP—*Continued.*

shine up - on the path - way dark and wild,  
shine up - on the path - way dark and wild,

Bring - ing home some wea - ry, sad and wand -'ring child.

20

## OUR HOLY CAUSE.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Now, bound by hon - or's sa - cred laws, Be faith - ful  
2. Then wel - come to our un - ion - hood, A cheer - ful  
3. Stand firm in truth while life shall last, May no re-

to our ho - ly cause; Let truth pre - serve each  
wel - come to the good; Long live our Or - der's  
proach on thee be east; No cloud ob - scure thy

mem - ber's fame, Nor falsehood blight our hon - ored name.  
great re - nown, And hap - pi - ness each mem - ber crown.  
on on ward way, Our trust no Ju - das e'er be tray.

## HE SOUGHT ME.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. If ev - er my name is inscribed in the Book, 'Twill be because  
 2. If ev - er the vict'ry o'er death I shall gain, If ev - er with  
 3. If ev - er I join with the angels in song, If ev - er I'm  
 4. If ev - er my feet touch the beau-ti-ful shore, When sorrows and

Je - sus his glo - ry forsook To rescue my soul from destruction and  
 Je - sus, in glo - ry, I reign, 'Twill never be thro' an - y good I have  
 counted as one in the throng That day and night praise him, a glorious  
 conflicts of earth shall be o'er, I'll want to see Jesus and speak face to

Fine.

shame; It will be by simply trusting in his won - der - ful name.  
 done, But by trusting in the Saviour who the vict'ry hath won -  
 band, It will be that I am brought there by his almighty hand.  
 face; For he sought me, and redeemed me by his won - der - ful grace.

D.S.—He redeemed me, hal - le - lu - jah to his won-der - ful name.  
 CHORUS.

For he sought me, and redeemed me,  
 For he sought me, 'tis won-der - ful, and redeemed me, hal - le lu - jah.

Hal - le - lu - jah to his won - der - ful name. For he

J. M. W.

1. W.  
 2. W.  
 3. W.  
 4. W.  
 5. W.

all  
 can  
 ship  
 hon  
 turn

Wou

cure

# HE SOUGHT ME—Continued.

J. M. WHYTE.

will be because  
If ev - er with  
If ev - er I'm  
then sorrows and

destruction and  
y good I have  
se him, a glorious  
nd speak face to

Pine.

n - der - ful name,  
let'ry hath won  
almight - y hand.  
n - der - ful grace.

on-der - ful name.

hal - le - me,

name. For he

sought me, and redeemed me,  
sought me, 'tis won - der - ful, and redeemed me, hal - le - lu - jah.

D.S.

## 22 WOULD IT MEAN ANYTHING?

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. Would it mean anything to you If the waves of ruin swept thro', Quenching
2. Would it mean anything to you If a husband proved untrue Just be-
3. Would it mean anything to you If the captain, mate and crew Of a
4. Would it mean anything to you If for years to come you knew That your
5. Would it mean anything to you If the old home-love so true Should re-

all thy joy, as they took thy boy To be sold for rev - e - nue?  
cause he drank till he low - er sank Than the beasts in for - ests do?  
ship were drunk, and the vessel sunk, And a child of thine sink too?  
home would be from the drink set free, And thy children grew up true?  
turn a - gain, aft - er years of pain Ov - er those intemp'rance slew?

CHORUS.

Would it mean an - y thing to you If the good, the pure, the true, Should se-

cure - ly rest in the old home nest Would it hurt the rev - e - nue?

## 23 FOR GOD, HOME AND NATIVE LAND.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTT.

## E LAND.

J. M. WHITB.

in their fear;  
and the hearse,  
'des-ti-ny,  
red on so long,

dread to hear?  
aw-ful curse;  
sla-ver-y;  
inst the wrong?

drink made slaves;  
in wail for bread  
tear-ful face;  
ng to the polls,

drunkards' graves.  
way their dead.  
to our race!  
mil-lion souls.

## FOR GOD, HOME AND NATIVE LAND.

CHORUS.

Oh, wives and daughters of our land, Who long have wept and prayed,

We see the na-tion's trembling hand Held out to you for aid;

\* 'Neath banners free and banners grand, Be-fore the breeze un-  
\* 'Neath banners free and banners grand, Before the breeze un-

\* Or these words:

With banners east and banners west, Be-fore the breeze un-  
With banners east and banners west,

furled, For God and Home and Native Land, March on to save the world.

furled, The Cross of Je-sus on each breast, March on to save the world.

## THERE'S A SOUND OF GOING.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. Do you hear that wail from sea to ocean, Swelling upon ev'ry  
 2. See the gifts they of - fer to the nation In the way of tax and  
 3. But we'd like the whisky league to mention, And we're not requesting

morning breeze? Whisky men per-form-ing their de - vo - tion To the  
 lunch-es free! Hear them ask for am - ple com - pen - sa - tion If to  
 it in fun; Who will pay each suf - fer - er a pen - sion For the

pol - i - ti - cians on their knees. While their gifts and pray'rs they are re -  
 quit the traf - fic they agree! Though they of - fer earn - est sup - pli -  
 mischievous whisky men have done? And there's one thing they cannot be

peating. For the day of doom to be deferred: You may see these  
 cation, Though they promise how they will be good. They must get some  
 blind to. And to see it makes them ve - ry sore. It is this, The

D.S. *Of the tramp, tramp*  
*Fine.*

whisky men re-treat-ing—There's a sound of go-ing to be heard,  
 oth - er oc - eu - pa - tion, And we want it plainly un - der - stood.  
 peo - ple have a mind to Close up ev - ry li - quor - sel - ler's door,

*out of all the drink shops, And we all re - joice to see them go.*

ING.

J. M. WHITR.

upon ev'-ry  
way of tax and  
e not requesting

tion To the  
tion If to  
sion For the

ay'r's they are re-  
rn - est sup - pli-  
they cannot be

ou may see these  
hey must get some  
It is this, The

Of the tramp, tramp  
Pine.

to be heard.  
un - der - stood.  
or sel - ler's door.

see them go.

## THERE'S A SOUND OF GOING—*Continued.*

CHORUS.

D. S.

There's a sound of going in the treetops, And the step is anything but slow,

4 Yes, the whisky men are now retreating,  
And the gods they worship disappear,  
And the prayers they've always been  
repeating There?"  
Change to "How will we get out of  
For the wicked flee with none pursuing,  
And they sometimes get upon the run,  
But they make much better time in  
going  
When for them the searching has

5 See, the gods they worship cannot  
answer,  
And their prayers will be of no avail;  
For the pow'r to grant has had a trans-  
fer,  
And they'll have to quit or go to jail.  
See the hosts of evil backward falling,  
See the Christian army coming on,  
Whisky men in vain for help are calling,  
As the walls of Babylon go down.

25

## BE WITH US, LORD.

W. H. MOSK.

1. Be with us, Lord, as from this place we go, To meet the  
2. Be our de - fence in fierce temptation's hour, Be thou our  
3. In - still in us, O Lord, such fear of shame, That none shall

might - y hosts of sin and woe; Vouch - safe thy aid, for strength Di-  
light when dark'ning tempests lower, In - spire our tongues, all temp'rance  
e'er dis - grace our cause or name; Give pow'r to all, the poisoned

vine we need, And in thy mer - ey deign our souls to lead,  
truths to spread, And cour - age give to those who dan - ger tread.  
cup to shun, And may each life proclaim a vic - tory won.

## 26 HE COULD DRINK OR LEAVE IT ALONE.

J. M. W., in part.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. He was one of those strong-minded men "Who could drink or could leave  
 2. He could quote from the poets and bards, In a style that was al-

it a lone;" With the fin-est of scorn for the weak, Who had  
 most di-vine, Man-y beau-ti-ful things they have said When ex-

lit - tie if an - y back - bone. And, said he, "Must a man who is  
 tol-ling the sparkling red wine. At a banquet he'd sing a sweet

strong Thus de-ny to him-self the fair use Of the pleasant,  
 song, All a-bout the red lips of a lass, And a toast he

D. S. (for 1st and 2nd stanzas) But a - las! the  
 D. S. (for 2nd and 4th stanzas) And a slave to

the in - no-cent wine? Just because of the weakling's a - buse,  
 would drink to her worth, In a sparkling and gen-er-ous glass.

oile poi-son be - gan, The strong will of this man to de - throne,  
 his foe is the man Who could drink or could leave it a - lone.

## ALONE.

J. M. WHYTE.

k or could leave  
that was al-weak, Who had  
said When ex-a man who is  
e'd sing a sweetOf the pleasant,  
And a toast heBut a - las the  
And a slave to

Fine.

ing's a - buse,  
er - ous glass.to de - throne,  
e it a - lone.

## HE COULD DRINK OR LEAVE IT ALONE.

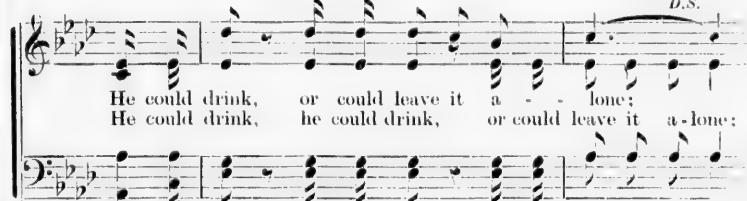
CHORUS.



Words of Chorus for 3rd and 4th stanzas:—

So he drank at his own madden'd will,  
So he drank, and he drank, at his own madden'd will

D.S.

Till that will was no longer his own;  
Till that will till that will was no longer his own;

3 He could speak from authorities high,  
High as those who in governments reign,  
And the line of his arguments ran  
In the personal liberty vein—  
"If a man wants to drink let him drink,  
Every man has a will of his own,  
And it's nobody's business should he  
Take to drinking or leave it alone."

4 And the lips of a lass have grown pale,  
And the light from her bright eye has flown,  
And the bloom has forsaken her cheek,  
And her heart is as heavy as stone  
Life to her is but tears and despair;  
And this man with such wondrous  
backbone  
Is a wreck drifting on through the world,  
For he drinks and can't leave it alone.

27

## TEMPERANCE DOXOLOGY.

G. FRANC. 1545.



Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise him who heals the drunkard's woe;



Praise him who leads the temperance host, Praise Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

## WHO'S TO BLAME?

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITTE.

1. In this bright and hap-py land, is it sin, or is it fate? That three  
 2. We may find it written down, ev'ry morning, noon and night, That some  
 3. Down and down, still further down, every pleasure dearly bought, Till the

thousand places tempt our youth to sin, That among the drinking hosts,  
 precious boy has gone the way of sin. Past a mother's pray is and tears,  
 demon mounts the throne and rules within. Till the poison, or the shot,

D.S.—Counted in the mighty host

go - ing ear - ly, go - ing late. Man - y boys are for the first time  
 past the Bi - ble's ho - ly light, Till among the drunkards he is  
 or the waters deep are sought. And among the su - i - cides he's

*that to home and heav'n are lost: Who's to blame that they have thus been*

Last line of Chorus after 4th stanza—'Tis a sin that they have thus been  
 " " " " 5th " " O my brother, will your boy be

## CHORUS.

Fine.

counted in.  
 counted in.  
 counted in.  
 counted in?

Counted in.

Counted in,

Counted in.

Counted in,

D.S.—N.

Still  
Yet  
An4 Whil  
se  
And  
fo  
Let u  
di  
Wh  
th

29

SARAH F.

1.  
2.  
3.  
TE'en  
Dark  
All

## WHO'S TO BLAME?—Continued.

*D.S.*

Ev'-ry day some precious boy is count-ed in, Counted in,

4 While this awful work goes on, and  
    saloons are multiplied,  
    And new victims every day are  
    found therein,  
Let us ask the suicide and these  
    drunkards who have died  
    Who's to blame that they have  
    thus been counted in?

5 When the voting day shall come, and  
    within the booth you stand,  
    There to judge upon this nation's  
    awful sin,  
By your mother's God and truth, by  
    your home and native land,  
    Let your ballot for the right be  
    counted in.

## 29 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

L. MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - or to thee !  
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, Day - light all gone,  
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps up to heav'n;

E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me.  
Dark - ness be ov - er me, My rest a stone;  
All that thou send est me, In mer - cy giv'n;

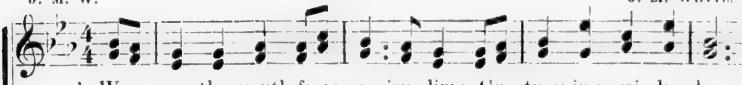
*Fine.*

D.S.—Nearer, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to thee,  
An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to thee,

## 30 THE DEATH-MARCH OF THE 600,000.

J. M. W.



1. We see the youth from ev - ry clime, Go trooping gai - ly by;  
 2. Though many ruined lives have flown To'wards an e - ter - ni - ty,  
 3. In this mad march they're not alone, See, there a wife and child -



They've spent for drink their first half-dime, And so - cial mirth runs high;  
 And have to answer at the throne Of Mighty De - i - ty;  
 No ten - der - ness or mercy shown—Dragged down by demons wild.



But oh! an hour of life has flown, Which ne'er recalled can be;  
 The ranks keep filled—as years go by New fac - es there ap - pear,  
 And here a moth - er vainly strives To break the aw - ful spell



And worse than all there have been sown The seeds of mis - er - y.  
 As one drops out we hear the cry, "*Fall in there from the rear.*"  
 That binds her son e - e Sa - tan drives Him down to death and hell.



CHORUS.



Thus year by year we find it so, As 'round this old earth rolls,



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31

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J. M. WOYCE.

gai - ly by :  
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rtb runs high ;

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mis - er - y.

from the rear .

death and hell.

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s old earth rolls,

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-

## THE DEATH-MARCH OF THE 600,000.

4 The pleading cries, and sobs and groans,

And wails and shrieks that come,

Are muffled by the stately tones

Of business horn and drum :

But prohibition ears can hear

Through this commercial din,

Our foes are making far and near

To cover up their sin.

5 But up, and on, the foe to stay,

A mighty army comes, [play,

And women now their strength dis -

Without the noise of drums;

They wait their chance with ballots

white

To load the temp'rance gun;

When it goes off 'twill end the fight,

And we will shout " Well done."

## 31 WHO IS THY NEIGHBOR?

GEO. KINSELEY.

2. Where 'er thou meet'st a form di - vine, 'Neath want or

3. Thus shall we meet the smile of God, And keep the

woe cast down, He is thy neigh - bor, ---  
pledge we've made; And that our zeal may

Cheer and warm, Go res - cue, suc - cor him, may press him.  
not grow cold. We'll trust in him for aid.

## 32 DOWN IN THE LICENSED SALOON.

(An answer to "Where is My Wandering Boy To-Night.")

W. A. W.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

1-4. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night? Down in the licensed sa - loon,  
 Down in a room all co - zy and bright, Filled with the glare of man - y  
 Learning new vic - es all the night long, Tempted to all that's sin - ful  
 Little arms once were thrown 'round my neck, Look at him now, my poor heart  
 Brother, I guess you'd en - ter this fight If it were your boy down there

a light, Beau - ti - ful mu - sic the ear to delight, Down in the li -  
 and wrong, Lis - ten - ing to the harlot's foul song, Down in the li -  
 will break; Think of that boy to - night a sad - ock, Down in the li -  
 to - night, Ruined and wrecked by the drink ap - tite, Down in the li -

CHORUS.

censed sa - loon.  
 censed sa - loon. There is my wand'ring boy to-night, There is my wan -  
 censed sa - loon.  
 censed sa - loon.

d'ring boy to-night; Down, down, down, down, Down in the licensed saloon.

From "SILVER TONES," a prohibition song-book, by per. of the publisher, W. A. Williams, Warnock, O

33

SABIN

DON.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

ed sa - loon -

lare of man - y  
l that's sin - ful  
w, my poor heart  
boy down there

own in the li -  
own in the li -  
own in the li -  
own in the li -

here is my wan -

licensed saloon.

W. Williams, Warnock, O.

## 33 ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward Christian soldiers ! marching as to war, With the cross of  
2. At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee; On then, Christian  
3. Like a mighty army moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are  
4. On-ward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the royal Mas - ter, Leads a -  
sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foundations quiv - er At the  
tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vi - ded, All one  
voic - es In the triumph song; Glo - ry, land and hon - or Un - to

gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See his banner go!  
shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise.  
bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.  
Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war,

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

## MY SAVIOUR I'LL PRAISE.

J. M. W.



1. My Saviour I'll praise, while he lendeth me breath, And after my voice  
 2. His presence is with me when morning appears, At ev-en he cheers  
 3. The love of my Saviour is constant and true; The favors he shows  
 4. Oh, who could have done what the Father has done? Redeemed a lost world



shall be silenced in death, I'll join in the new song the ransomed shall  
 me and scatters my fears; My song is of him who di-rect-eth my  
 me are precious and new; My feelings may change, but he's ev-er the  
 by the gift of his Son; The love of our God far out-measures our



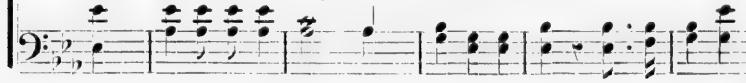
raise, Un - to Je-sus, who redeemed us, be the glo-ry and praise.  
 ways, Un - to Je-sus, who redeemed me, be the glo-ry and praise.  
 same. And he nev-er will forsake me, glo-ry be to his name.  
 days, And e - ter - nal ag - es on - ly can re - veal all his praise.



## CHORUS.



Un-to Je - - - sus, Un-to Je - - - sus, Un - to Jesus,  
 We'll join in the new song the ransomed shall raise,



who redeemed us be the glory and praise. Un-to Je - - - sus, Un - to  
 We'll join in the new song the



E. PERRE

1. 2.  
2. 3.  
3. 4.Bring  
Hail  
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Hail h  
Go, spr4. Let ev  
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To him  
And

J. M. WHYTE.

after my voice  
y - en he cheers  
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med a lost world

he ransomed shall  
rect - eth my  
he's ev - er the  
t-measures our

o - ry and praise,  
o - ry and praise.  
to his name.  
all his praise.

Un - to Jesus.

sus, Un - to  
new song the

## MY SAVIOUR I'LL PRAISE--Continued.

Je - sus, Un-to Jesus, who redeemed us, be the glory and praise,  
ransomed shall raise,

35

E. PERRONE.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall;  
2. Ye seed of Israel's chos-en race, Ye ransomed from the fall,  
3. Sin-ners, whose love can ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.  
Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.  
Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng  
We at his feet may fall :  
Join in the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

## 36 THE PLEBISCIT AND REVENUE.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITK.

1. We're go'ng to have a ple-bis-cit—The Government has promised it—
2. This aw-ful traf-fic kills my boy, It robs my home of ev'-ry joy.
3. "Di-rect taxation now," they say, "Must be if rum is put a-way;"
4. We've orphan homes with children filled; Asylums for in-sane we build.

And whisky men shout, "Yes, that's true, But what about the revenue?"  
It takes my all and gives to you A small per cent. for revenue.  
Twill save thy boy and home to you, But lose the whisky revenue.  
They're mostly all to whisky due, But whisky pays a revenue.

They say the drinking will not stop, Although you close the drinking shop.  
The time has come for it to die, Its friends know that, and so they try  
So Government seems little moved, Stiff-necked it is, though oft reproved.  
We're selling boys, and breaking hearts, And damning souls in whisky marts.

And then they cry, "What will you do When there's no whisky revenue?"  
To scare us with this bug-a-booo, The shrinkage in the rev-e-mue.  
And members play at peek-a-booo Around the whisky rev-e-mue.  
And all because the whisky crew Is buy-ing us with rev-e-mue.

### CHORUS.

We're go'ng to have a ple-bis-cit,—The Government has promised it—

UE.

J. M. WHITK.

s promised it-  
ev -'ry joy,  
put a-way;"  
sane we build.

the revenue?"  
for revenue.  
ky revenue.  
a revenue.

the drinking shop.  
at, and so they try  
ough oft reproved,  
ls in whisky marts.

whisky revenue?"  
the rev - e - nue.  
ky rev - e - nue.  
with rev - e - nue.

t has promised it—

## THE PLEBISCIT AND REVENUE.—Continued.

And when it comes let's bid a - dieu To hu - man souls for rev - e - nue.

### 37 THIS GREAT ABOMINATION.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITK.

1. See this great a - bom - in - a - tion Spreading ov - er all this land,
2. But we're on the way to vic - t'ry, We are driv - ing back the foe,
3. Whisky men are growing nervous, And they tremble in their shoes,
4. Let our fore - es be u - nit - ed, Let our lead - ers be as one,

Touching home and life and fortune With a de - vas - tat - ing hand.  
We will keep the bat - tle rag - ing Till the last sa - loon shall go.  
But their case is not a - larm - ing, It's a diff'rent kind of blues,  
And we'll take the whisky strongholds, We will spike each whisky gun.

#### CHORUS.

We are com - ing forth de - mand - ing Pro - hi - bi - tion for this land;

Let the flag of truth, ex - pand - ing, Be flung out on ev - 'ry hand.

## KEEP THE BALL A-ROLLING.

W. A. W.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. You'll find it out we've come to stay Un - til the fight is o'er;  
 2. We'll preach and teach, and sing and pray, As long as we have breath,  
 3. And at the polls, you'll find us there, To re - pre - sent our cause,  
 4. Your con - sci - en - ces will get no rest Un - til you vote a right,  
 5. We'll ag - i - tate and nom - i - nate Un - til we gain the day,

We'll ne'er give up un - til saloons Are driv - en from our shore,  
 That God will drive the curse away, And save our land from death,  
 And in the box we'll drop our pray'r For pro - hi - bi - tion laws,  
 For we are bound to do our best To hur - ry up the fight,  
 And vile saloons an - ni - hi - late; You'll find us here to stay.

## CHORUS.

Ag - i - tate, ag - i - tate, keep the ball a - roll - ing; Ag - i - tate, stir 'em

Keep the ball a roll ing,

up, keep the ball a - roll - ing, roll - ing, Keep the ball a -

Keep the ball a - roll - ing,

roll - ing, roll - ing, rolling, Keep the ball a - roll - ing on.

roll - ing, Keep the ball a - roll - ing,



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fight.  
stay.



ag-i-tate, stir 'em



ll ing,



ep the ball a-



roll-ing on.



“Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.”

—PROV. xx: 1.



“It is not for kings to drink wine, nor for princes strong drink; lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted.”

—PROV. xxxi: 4, 5.

## HOW MANY CAN YOU FURNISH?

It takes 2,000,000 born every generation for  
raw material for the saloon.



### A CURE FOR HARD TIMES.

A man having been accustomed to spending 20 cents a day for drink, found by saving it that he could buy from his grocer during one year and pay cash for 3 barrels of flour, 100 lbs. granulated sugar, 25 lbs. corn starch, 125 lbs. maccaroni, 60 lbs. white beans, 6 lbs. ground pepper, 1 dozen scrub brushes, 50 lbs. sal. soda, 20 lbs. roasted coffee, 25 cans tomatoes, 24 cans mackerel, 50 lbs. best raisins, 1 dozen packages herbs, 40 lbs. codfish, 110 lbs. buckwheat flour, 100 lbs. oatmeal, 20 lbs. rice, 1 barrel crackers, 100 lbs. honey, 18 lbs. mincemeat, 1 dozen brooms, 12 bottles machine oil, 20 lbs. oolong tea, 24 cans green peas, 20 lbs. dried apples, 25 lbs. prunes, 40 lbs. laundry starch, 28 lbs. table salt, 25 lbs. lard, 12 bottles maple syrup, 100 bars soap, 2 gallons chow-chow, 1 ream note paper, 500 envelopes, 2 newspapers for 1 year. He had no idea his drinking had been costing him so much; he never lived better and buys more for his family. "Go thou and do likewise," whoever drinks.

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ewise,"

“Now the works of the flesh  
are manifest, which are these  
. . . . envyings, murders,  
drunkenness, revellings, and  
such like: of the which I tell  
you before, as I have also told  
you in time past, that they  
which do such things shall not  
inherit the kingdom of God.”

—GAL. V: 19-21.

“They that be drunken, are  
drunken in the night; but let  
us, who are of the day, be  
sober.”

—I THESS. V: 7, 8.

## PROHIBITION PROHIBITS IN SOME QUARTERS.



The most of our railroads have total prohibition laws for employees, and enforce those laws in face of the personal liberty cry.



The same may be said of express companies and banks and wholesale houses, etc., where positions of trust are to be filled, or where the handling of large sums of money requires the clearest brain, and steadiest nerves.



Saloon keepers are not received into the following fraternal societies: Masons, Knights of Pythias, United Workmen, Foresters, Knights of the Maccabees; they are debarred from official positions of government.



Life insurance risks are taken with great reluctance, or refused altogether, for men addicted to the drink habit.

## THE TOLLING BELLS.

W. A. W.

W. A. WILLIAMS.



1. Oh, hear the toll-ing of the bells, Each single night and day;  
 2. Each day a hundred men or more, Among them are the great,  
 3. And so the work of death goes on Throughout our sin-ful race,



A sto - ry sad their mu - sic tells; The dead are borne a-way.  
 De - spair - ing quit this earth-ly shore To share the drunkard's fate.  
 And when this drunken throng is gone An - oth - er takes its place.



We hear its solemn, dirge-like tones, In - vit - ing to the tomb,  
 And al-most ev - 'ry song we sing, A ser - vice at the most,  
 They are the boys who smile and play, With joy your hearts they fill,



They're mingled with the hopeless moans That speak the drunkard's doom,  
 Marks time enough for bells to ring: "An - oth - er soul is lost,"  
 For whom the bell will toll some day "The vic - tim of the still."

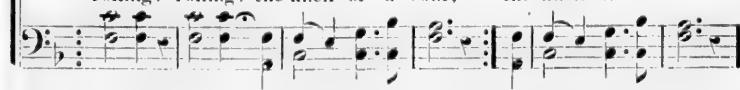
CHORUS. *pp Very slow.*

1st

2nd.



Tolling! Tolling! the knell of a soul; the knell of a soul!



## 40 THE ROAD GOES ANUDDER WAY.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1 I once know'd a brudder who had gone and jined the church—But the  
He'd lead the con - gre - ga - tion in the sing - in' till you'd think If he  
2 They say that dis brudder is a mighty man to speak—But the  
For when de meetin's ov - er you will see dis brudder slink Down the

road to glory goes a - nudder way; To get a drink o' whisky he was  
ton - ly had de wings he'd fly away; Then straight out from de meetin' he would  
road to glory goes anudder way; There's power in his preachin' but his  
tal - ley at the clos - ing of the day. And if you keep awatchin' you will

nev - er on the search—But the road to glo - ry goes a - nud - der way.  
go and take a drink—But the road to glo - ry goes a - nud - der way.  
liv - in's mighty weak—And the road to glo - ry goes a - nud - der way.  
see him take a drink—But the road to glo - ry goes a - nud - der way.

CHORUS.

I tell you this, my brudder, you had bet - ter quit the drink, You are

coming to the judgment day, And you have not long to wait, Pro - hi-

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41

J. M. V.

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## WAY.

J. M. WHYTE.

the church—But the  
I'd think If he  
to speak—But the  
ever slink Down the

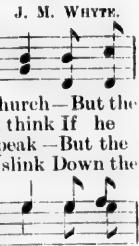
whisky he was  
at the meetin' he would  
reachin' but his  
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- nud - der way.  
- nud - der way.  
- nud - der way.  
- nud - der way.

he drink, You are

to wait, Pro - hi-

## THE ROAD GOES ANUDDER WAY.



3 When folks want a temp'rance speech dis brudder's to the fore—  
But the road to glory goes anudder way;  
He'll preach up prohibition, but he'll drink behind the door—  
And the road to glory goes anudder way;  
And when the vote is taken you will see him in a back,  
With the whisky men a-driving all the day,  
He'll mark his ballot whisky, and they'll put him on the back—  
But the road to glory goes anudder way.

4 I wish that dis brudder would begin to look around  
Where the road to glory goes anudder way;  
And get upon de highway where no drinkin' will be found,  
Where the road to glory goes anudder way;  
Dis world is lookin' at you, and it's lookin' mighty straight,  
If you listen you can hear de people say:  
"A whisky-drinking man is not a Christian up-to-date,  
And the road to glory goes anudder way."

## 41 PAST THE BRIGHT PORTALS.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1 Past the bright portals are angels to-night, Longing to see you come home;  
Waiting they stand at the gateways of light,  
2 See mother's hands reaching out from above, Calling her loved ones to come;  
Sweetly she calls in a voice full of love,  
3 Do you not hear the sweet voice of a child Saying, "Dear father, come home"?  
Beau - ti - ful lips that were never defiled,



CHORUS.

Read - y to welcome you home, Yes, and there's one who has called thee so oft,  
Will you, my children, come home? Je-sus, in accents so tender and soft,  
Mutely are calling you home.



One who pro-vid - ed that home; Still is in - vit - ing you home.



## A DOLLAR BILL OR TWO.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. Friends of tem - per - ance, a dol - lar bill's a ve - ry use - ful thing,  
 2. While the temp'rance cause is mov - ing grand - ly all a - long the line,  
 3. Who can tell the might - y el - o - quence with which a dol - lar speaks;  
 4. But a dol - lar bill that's giv - en for the home and truth and right,  
 5. God will mag - ni - ty the dol - lar by a hun - dred thousand - fold,

When we need fin - an - cial aid to get us through; And when  
 There is just one lit - tle thing we ought to do; When the  
 How it gives a man the tie - (ket) doc(u) - lo(u) - reux, Twist - ing  
 Will pre - vent what whis - ky thousands try to do; One can  
 As the Sav - iour did the lawes and fish - es few; And the

all our debts are set - tled, Oh, how hap - py we can sing, If there's  
 con - tri - bu - tion's tak - en, don't let one of us de - cline To go  
 him quite out of sorts with temp'rance laws the country seeks, Till he  
 chase a thousand, two can put ten thousand men to flight, For the  
 whis - ky legions, trust - ing in their treas - ur - ies of gold, Will be

yet with - in our pock - et - books a dol - lar bill or two,  
 down in - to our pock - ets for a dol - lar bill or two,  
 votes the whis - ky tick - et for a dol - lar bill or two,  
 Lord of Hosts will mul - ti - ply the dol - lar bill or two,  
 ov - er - come and rout - ed by a dol - lar bill or two.

## CHORUS.

O the dol - lar, might - y dol - lar, has it ev - er troubled you?  
 O the dol - lar, dol - lar, dol - lar, sil - ver dol - lar, gold - en dol - lar,

W. A. V.

1. I.  
2. D.  
3. M.  
4. A.  
5. T.For  
The  
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Song

D.S. -- For

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use - ful thing,  
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dol - lar speaks;  
truth and right,  
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ough; And when  
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reux, Twist-ing  
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ing, If there's  
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eeks, Till he  
ight, For the  
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bill or two,  
bill or two,  
bill or two,  
bill or two,  
bill or two.

troubled you?  
old - en dol - lar,

## A DOLLAR BILL OR TWO—Continued.

With its face and touch so win - ning, Loved by men from its be - gin - ning,

Some have ru - ined soul and bod - y for a dol - lar bill or two.

## 43 GOD HELP ME, HERE I STAND.

"Here I stand, God help me, I cannot do otherwise."—Martin Luther.

W. A. W.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. I'll nev - er vote for rev - e - nue From rumshops in our land,  
2. Down with the shameful li - quor den; A crime of crimes I'll brand  
3. My voice shall ev - er be for war, War to the bit - ter end;  
4. And shall I shrink to cast my lot A - mong that gal - lant band  
5. To do thy work, Lord, make me brave, To lend a help - ing hand.

Fine.

For oth - er - wise I can - not do — God help me, here I stand.  
The traf - fic in the souls of men — God help me, here I stand.  
The curse in drinks I do ab - hor — God help me, here I stand.  
Who strive to save from drink's foul blot? — God help me, here I stand.  
Some poor lost soul from drink to save — God help me, here I stand.

D.S.—For oth - er - wise I can - not do — God help me, here I stand.

REFRAIN.

D.S.

God help me, God help me, God help me, here I stand.

From "SILVER TONES," a prohibition song-book, by per of the publisher, W. A. Williams, Warnock, O.

## SUNBEAMS ON OUR WALLS.

J. J. W.

By per. J. JUDSON WHITR.

1 { Are there sunbeams, day by day, On our walls that dance and play?  
 1 { While we have our loved ones here, Lest the sunbeams dis - ap - pear  
 2 { Are there sha - dows, day by day, On our walls that dare to stay?  
 2 { While we have our loved ones here, Lest the sunbeams dis - ap - pear,

| *1st* | *2nd* | **CHORUS.**

Let us ev - 'ry one take care, Are there  
 Let us seek to nail them there. Sunbeams on our  
 Let us ev - 'ry one take care shadows there.  
 Lest we nail the

sunbeams, day by day, On our walls that dance  
 walls, sunbeams on our walls, sunbeams on our walls, Sunbeams

and play, Let us ev - 'ry one take care, Lis - ten  
 dance and play, Let us ev - 'ry one take care, Lis - ten to each

to each voice that calls, Bring the ham - mer  
 voice, to each voice that calls, Bring a - long the ham-mer and

LS.

J. JUDSON WHYTE.

dance and play?  
dis-ap-pear  
dare to stay?  
dis-ap-pear,

CHORUS.

Are there  
Sunbeams on our

walls that dance  
walls, Sunbeams

Lis-ten  
Lis-ten to each

ham-mer  
he ham-mer and

## SUNBEAMS ON OUR WALLS—Continued.

on our walls, Let us nail the sunbeams there.

nail them on our walls,

## 45 THE DRUNKARDS' PRAYER.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. Break this chain that binds us down To pov-er-ty and shame,
2. Take this thirst for drink a-way, O Lord, it tempts us sore;
3. Turn our dark-edn page of life And let us start a-gain,
4. Let the pro-hi-bi-tion call Be heard, Lord, not in vain,

May we bear no more the frown Cast on a drunkard's name,  
Close the bars where night and day The dead-ly drink they pour.  
Heal the wounds from drink and strife, And wash out ev-ry stain.  
And the curse of drink-ing fall To rise not up a-gain.

CHORUS.

Break, O Lord, break this chain, Free us from this aw-ful sin and

bond-age; Save, O Lord, save a-gain, From this curse of rum.

## 46 BOUNDLESS MERCY AND LOVE.

J. M. W.

J. M. Whyte.

1. Boundless mer - cy and love un - to me hath been shown,  
 2. What the world could not give, Je - sus free - ly bestowed:  
 3. He hath made me a - new, and my soul that was dead  
 4. Per - fect peace, per - fect rest, in the Saviour I find,  
 5. Oh, that sin - ners could see what their ran - som has cost;

And my heart now re - joic - es in Je - sus a - lone.  
 Ev - er - last - ing re - lease from the debt that I owed.  
 Lives on Je - sus, my Sav - iour, the true liv - ing Bread.  
 And his love fills my soul with a joy un - de - fined.  
 That for them Je - sus died, and they need not be lost.

CHORUS.

Oh, that sin - ners could see what their ran - som has cost,

That for them Je - sus died and they need not be lost,

That for them Je - sus died, and they need not be lost

OVE.

J. M. WHITE.

ath been shown,  
ly bestowed:  
hat was dead  
our I find,  
som has cost;

us a - lone.  
hat I owed.  
liv - ing Bread.  
un - de - fined,  
not be lost.

som has cost,

not be lost,

ot be lost

“They have given a boy  
for an harlot, and sold a girl  
for wine that they might  
drink.”

—JOEL: iii. 3.



“Awake, ye drunkards, and  
weep; and howl, all ye drinkers  
of wine, because of the new  
wine; for it is cut off from  
your mouth.”

—JOEL i: 5.

## THE YEARLY DRINK BILL OF AMERICA.

**\$1,200,000,000.**

(One billion two hundred million dollars.)



There are in America, about \$604,000,000 in silver coin, and \$614,000,000 in gold coin—\$1,218,000,000 total coin—nearly the whole of which, or its equivalent, goes over the counters of the saloon in one year. Bimetallism is a great question! Chauncey Depew says if this money was spent in coal, and bread, and clothing, the railroads have not enough cars to carry the freight that would be piled up at the stations for shipment!

## THE DEATH TRAP.



We have seen a sign over a saloon on the outskirts of a town which reads on one side First Chance, and on the other side Last Chance. This is like the old colored man's trap, "sot to ketch 'em agoin' or comin'." 100,000 going down yearly to hell, 100,000 mothers wailing over lost ones, makes us think of a mighty Rama with Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted because they are not.

## TERRIBLE.

100,000 Drunkards Die Each Year in America.

400,000 are disqualified for supporting themselves and their families.



Men and money go into the liquor business, what comes out? Wrecked men, ruined homes, wasted lives, starved and diseased children, insanity, imbecility, paralysis, crimes of every name down to murder.



The saloon is a school of vice:—

It holds day sessions and every day.

It teaches law breakings.

Its dialect is profanity.

Its thought is licentious.

It teaches boys that those who oppose the business are old fogeys.



A young man does not go wrong suddenly; if you look back you will find that he has been taught for a long while at the school of the saloon, and when this is known you will not wonder at the suddenness of his downfall.

## I NOW BELIEVE IN HIM.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. The truth is ev - er-last-ing; God's word can nev - er fail;  
 2. And he that asks receiveth, And he that seeks shall find;  
 3. No oth - er name a-vail-eth To save a soul from sin;  
 4. It is a purchased pardon By him, who free - ly gave

Who pleads the name of Je-sus, Shall in his name pre - vail.  
 To him that knocks 'twill open;—Tis free to all man-kind.  
 Naught save the blood of Je-sus Can cleanse the heart with - in.  
 His life to be the ransom,—The Mighty One to save.

CHORUS.

I now be - lieve in him, I now be - lieve in him,

He prom - is - es to pardon If I be - lieve in him.

5 'Tis an abundant pardon;  
 'Tis righteous and divine;  
 'Tis ours when we receive it,  
 And now I claim it mine.

6 He's promised life eternal  
 To all who will believe;  
 To him that overcometh,  
 A crown of life he'll give.

## OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

LILLIAN JACKSON.

J. M. WHYER.

1. I'm thinking now of our beau - ti - ful home, That's far up a -  
 2. Je - sus is King of that beau - ti - ful land, That's far up a -  
 3. Sin can - not en - ter that beau - ti - ful land, That's far up a -

bove the sky: Where friends will meet at the Saviour's dear feet,  
 bove the sky: His love and grace, shining down from his face,  
 bove the sky: No cold winds beat, and no wea - ri - some heat,

CHORUS.

And nev - er will say good-bye.  
 We'll know bet - ter by and by. Je - sus is king of  
 And nev - er a tear nor sigh.

glo - ry, And he'll bring us home at last, To join the song

with the heav-en - ly throng, When earth is for - ev - er past.

4 No jarring note in that beautiful land,  
 That's far up above the sky;  
 The new sweet song of the heavenly  
 throng,  
 We'll join in it by and by.

5 Our loved ones wait in that beautiful  
 land,  
 That's far up above the sky; [hills,  
 Love rules their wills on the heavenly  
 And we'll meet them by and by.

1. Gre  
 2. W  
 3. If  
 4. St

At w  
 Type  
 Oh,  
 And

JOHN M

1.  
 2.  
 3.

## STAY THOU, O LORD.

J. M. WHYR.



far up a-  
far up a-  
far up a-

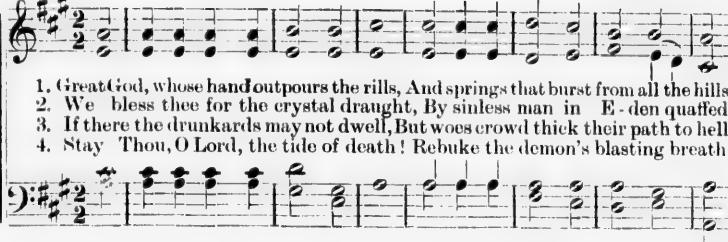
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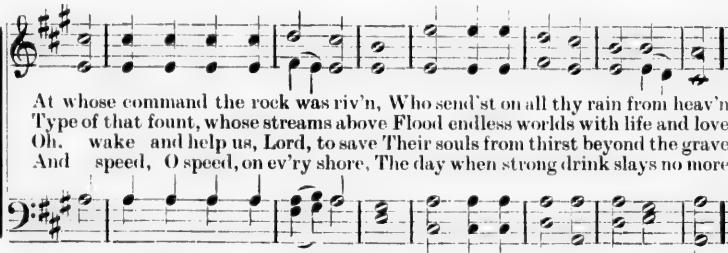
er past.

that beautiful  
the sky; [hills,  
n the heavenly  
by and by.

R. HARRISON.



1. Great God, whose hand outpours the rills, And springs that burst from all the hills,
2. We bless thee for the crystal draught, By sinless man in E - den quaffed,
3. If there the drunkards may not dwell, But woes crowd thick their path to hell;
4. Stay Thou, O Lord, the tide of death! Rebuke the demon's blasting breath!

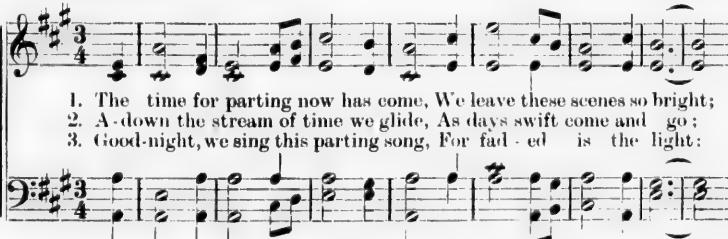


At whose command the rock was riv'n, Who send'st on all thy rain from heav'n.  
Type of that fount, whose streams above Flood endless worlds with life and love.  
Oh, wake and help us, Lord, to save Their souls from thirst beyond the grave.  
And speed, O speed, on ev'ry shore, The day when strong drink slays no more.

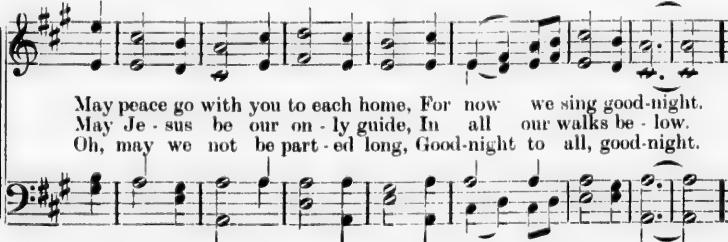
## GOOD-NIGHT.

JOHN MCPHERSON.

SCOTTISH.



1. The time for parting now has come, We leave these scenes so bright;
2. A - down the stream of time we glide, As days swift come and go;
3. Good-night, we sing this parting song, For fad - ed is the light:



May peace go with you to each home, For now we sing good-night.  
May Je - sus be our on - ly guide, In all our walks be - low.  
Oh, may we not be part - ed long, Good-night to all, good-night.

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## SACRED AND DEVOTIONAL.

All glory to him who died on the tree .....	3	Now, bound by honor's sacred laws .....	20
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Nearer, my God, to thee .....	29	Will he not come back .....	16

# SUPPLEMENT.

51

## MY LORD AND I.

HUGUENOTS' HYMN, 300 YEARS AGO.

J. M. WHYTE.

NO.	
ells .....	39
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lessings flow .....	41
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of dishonor .....	24
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scit .....	36
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ly clime .....	32
.....	23
to-night .....	28
and weep .....	31
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e to stay .....	4
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ed laws .....	20
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.....	20
.....	41
here .....	18
.....	8
.....	49
.....	47
of dishonor .....	7
.....	16
.....	19
.....	31
.....	16

1. I have a friend so precious, So ve - ry dear to me, He loves me  
 2. Sometimes I'm faint and weary: He knows that I am weak, But as he  
 3. I tell him all my sorrows, I tell him all my joys; I tell him  
 with such tender love, He loves so faith-ful-ly, I could not live a-  
 paths mo lean on him, His help I glad-ly seek. He leads me in the  
 all that pleases me, I tell him what annoys. He tells me what I  
 part from him, I love to have him nigh, And so we dwell to-  
 paths of light, Be-neath a sun - ny sky; And so we walk to-  
 ought to do, And what I ought to try; And so we talk to-  
 geth - er, My Lord and I.  
 4. He knows how much I love him,  
     He knows I love him well,  
     But with what love he loveth me  
     My tongue can never tell:  
     It is an everlasting love,  
     In ever rich supply;  
     And so we love each other,  
     My Lord and I.  
 5. He knows how I am longing  
     Some weary soul to win,  
     And so he bids me go and speak  
     The loving word for him;  
     He bids me tell his wondrous love,  
     And why he came to die;  
     And so we work together,  
     My Lord and I.  
 6. I have his yoke upon me,  
     And easy 'tis to wear,  
     And in the burden which he bears  
     I gladly take a share,  
     For then it is my happiness  
     To have him always nigh;  
     We bear the yoke together,  
     My Lord and I.

## DOES IT PAY?

1. There's a business in our country holding large and rich estates,  
 2. Does it pay to run a thrasher in a farm-ing neighbor-hood,  
 3. When a man is spending more than all his wa-ges drinking beer,

Does it pay? Does it pay? And it prospers in proportion to the  
 Does it pay? Does it pay? Where the wheat is mostly thistles and the  
 Does it pay? Does it pay? And is rendered more in-cap-a-ble for

pau-per-isom rates, Does it pay? Does it pay? When it pours ten mil-  
 bar-ley not as good, Does it pay? Does it pay? When the farms have been  
 business year by year, Does it pay? Does it pay? When the children in

lion dollars down the gov-ern-ment-al spout And then from the people's  
 neg-lect-ed till the buildings tumble down, And the men who ought to  
 his household, poorly clad and full of dread, Crouch and shiver at his

hop-per takes its fif-ty millions out, 'Tis a question to com-  
 till them are off drinking in the town, It makes per-ti-nent the  
 com-ing and go sup-er-less to bed, It is time to ask the

4 Does it  
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## DOES IT PAY?—Continued.

and rich estates,  
in neighborhood,  
as drinking beer,

portion to the  
thistles and the  
ap-a-ble for

it pours ten mil-  
e farms have been  
the children in

from the people's  
men who ought to  
nd shiver at his

estion to con-  
er-ti-ent the  
me to ask the

sid-er, when we're forty millions out, Does it pay? Does it pay?  
question, Why off drinking in the town? Does it pay? Does it pay?  
question, Why go sup- por- less to bed? Does it pay? Does it pay?

## CHORUS.

Does it pay?

Does it pay?

Does it

It does not pay!

It does not pay!

pay? No! no!

It does not pay! No! no! It does not pay to drink the dead-ly

poi-son, Kill-ing off its thousand ev'-ry day; It does not

pay! It does not pay! The risk's too great! It does not pay!

4 Does it pay to drive a horse that always  
wants to run away?

Does it pay? Does it pay?

And will soon or late your mangled body  
in the gutter lay?

Does it pay? Does it pay?

Tho' you think, young man, you've got  
the demon Drink 'neath your control,  
He will seize the bit and drive you to the  
ruin of your soul.Stop and ask yourself the question, Why  
this ruin of your soul?

Does it pay? Does it pay?

5 Does it pay to spend our money building  
life-boats by the score,

Does it pay? Does it pay?

Just to run and pick up those we've res-  
cued many times before?

Does it pay? Does it pay?

When the demon on your vessel, with  
his deadly cups of sin,  
Pitches overboard these wretches faster  
than we haul them in?Why this awful devastation by these  
deadly cups of sin?

Does it pay? Does it pay?

## THE PLEBISCITE VERDICT.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. Ye friends of tem - per - ance, rejoice, The ple - bis - cite is end - ed  
 2. Our en - e - mies look toward Quebec To gain their lost po - si - tion,  
 3. But let them lift their gaze beyond, From sea to sea ex-tend-ing,  
 4. If I were on the oth - er side, A - mong the an - tis seat - ed,  
 5. The counties in ma - jor - i - ty All ov - er this Do - min - ion

And we are on the winning side, The side that God de - fend - ed;  
 One sol - i - ta - ry banner floats Down th' gains! pro-hi - bi - tion;  
 Nine flags float out with colors bright, For pro - hi - bi - tion blend - ing,  
 With for - ty thousand votes behind, I'd say we were de -feat - ed;  
 The Prov - in - ces, by nine to one, Are of the same o - pin - ion;

Our foes declare they will not yield, At which we do not mur - mur,  
 No lonesome flut - ter of that flag Their stern defeat can sof - ten,  
 And one God's sunshine tints the best, I love to gaze up on it,  
 They see their hope for gain is gone, There is no use de - ny - ing,  
 The ag - gre - gate ma - jor - i - ty, For pro - hi - bi - tion plead - ing,

But lift our standard high - er yet, And grasp our weapons firm - er.  
 'Tis but a sym - pa - thiz - ing tear Let fall up - on their cof - fin.  
 It is thy flag, On - ta - ri - o, With for - ty thousand on it.  
 In fact the question now is this: How can they keep from dying?  
 Piled up the votes against all odds, On ev - 'ry count we're lead - ing.

D.S. — And ev - 'ry time a bat - tle ends Our foes re - treat be - fore us.

CHO

We

54

JANE M

1. J

2. M

3. I

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sin

tha

me

J. M. WHITE.

## THE PLEBISCITE VERDICT—Continued.

CHORUS.

D.S.

We're marching on to vic-to-ry, God's ban-ner floating o'er us,

e is end-ed  
st po-si-tion,  
ex-tend-ing,  
tis seat-ed,  
s Do-min-ion

le-fend-ed;  
o-hi-bi-tion;  
blend-ing,  
feat-ed;  
o-pin-ion;

mur-mur,  
sof-ten,  
on-it,  
ny-ing,  
plead-ing,

2 2  
Fine.

pons firm-er.  
heir cof-fin.  
and on it.  
from dying?  
we're lead-ing.

be-fore us.

54

JANE MACGREGOR.

J. M. WHITE.

## HOUR BY HOUR.

1. Je-sus, help me live for thee, Hour by hour; Let thy love be
2. May my pray'r ascend to thee, Hour by hour; Seeking strength my
3. In thy goodness I will trust, Hour by hour; I will prove thee

felt in me, Hour by hour; Guide me ev-er with thine eye; Let not  
way to see, Hour by hour; Give me faith and clearer sight; Show me  
faithful, just, Hour by hour; All thy pleasure, all thy will, Lord in

sin within me lie; Others trust thee, why not I? Hour by hour,  
that thy way is right; Father, lead me in thy light, Hour by hour.  
me do thou ful-fil; So I'll trust thee—lead me still, Hour by hour.

## LOOK TO JESUS ONLY.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.



1. Toil - er af - ter world - ly gain, Weary, sad, and lone - ly,  
 2. Though the world may thee despise, And thy friends dis - own thee,  
 3. Look a - way to him who died—To the bless - ed Je - sus—  
 4. Look a - way from doubt and sin, Look to Je - sus on - ly;



Seeking af - ter peace in vain, Look to Je - sus on - ly.  
 Look a - way from earthly ties, Look to Je - sus on - ly.  
 He for thee was cru - ci - fied, Look a - way to Je - sus.  
 None can cleanse thy heart within, None but Je - sus on - ly.



## CHORUS.



Look to him who will for - give, Who a - lone re - deemed thee;



Look to Je - sus, look and live, Look to Je - sus on - ly.



J. M. WHITE.



## 56 THE DRUNKARD'S LAMENT.

J. M. WHITE.

1. Where are the friends that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, long a - go?  
2. Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head, Long, long a - go, long a - go.  
3. Now I look back on the days of my youth, Long, long a - go, long a - go?  
Where are the hopes that my heart used to cheer, Long, long a - go;  
Oh! how I wept when I found she was dead, Long, long a - go,  
I was no stranger to vir - tue and truth, Long, long a - go?  
Friends that I loved in the grave are laid low;  
go, long a - go; She was an an - gel, my love and my guide,  
go, long a - go; Oh! for the hopes that were pure as the day;  
Hopes that I cherished are fled from me now; I am de -  
Vain - ly to save me from ru - in she tried; Poor broken  
Oh! for the love that was pur - er than they; Oh! for the  
grad - ed, for rum was my foe, Long, long a - go, long a - go.  
heart, it was well that she died, Long, long a - go, long a - go.  
hours that I squandered a - way, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

HON. DAVID MILLS, Q.C.

J. M. WHITE.



1. Could I but touch the hem of his garment, My heart to itself seems to  
 2. When in my heart I bear untold sorrow, Which comes in my sick soul to  
 3. The shadows shall depart from before me, Life's desert shall have its pure



say, The tri - als and the crosses that pain me Would all at that touch  
 dwell, Could I but touch the hem of his garment, That touch would my sor -  
 spring; And birds of song that warbled in E - den, Again, in my glad



CHORUS.



pass a - way.  
 row dis - pel. In the fringe of his garment there is health, there is health,  
 heart shall sing.



There's a cure for my soul that is so ill, so ill, If that fringe I but



touch with my fin - gers, The storms of my heart shall be still.  
 fingers, just a touch, and



T.

J. M. WHYTE.

itself seems to  
my sick soul to  
all have its pure



I at that touch  
would my sor-  
in my glad



, there is health,

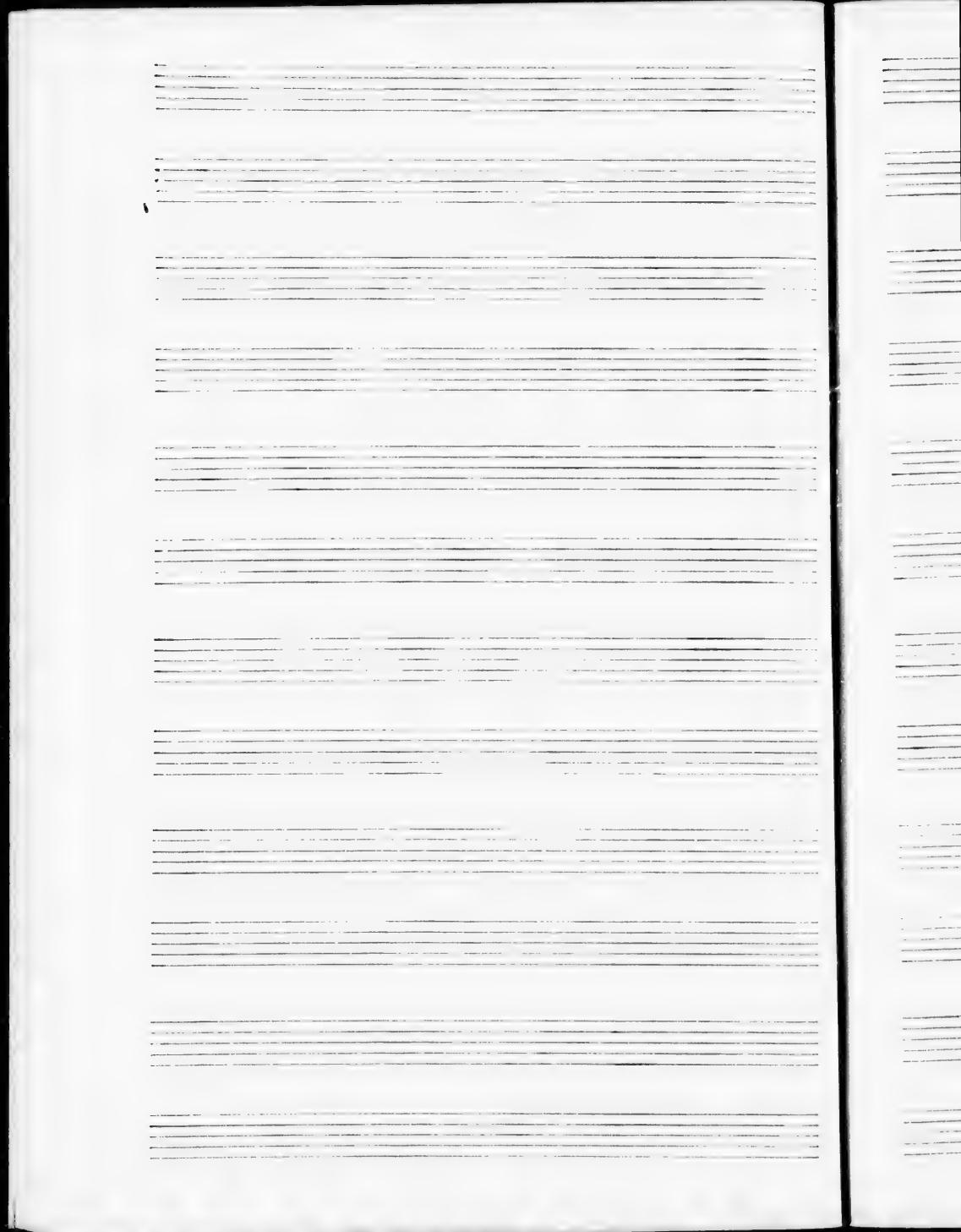


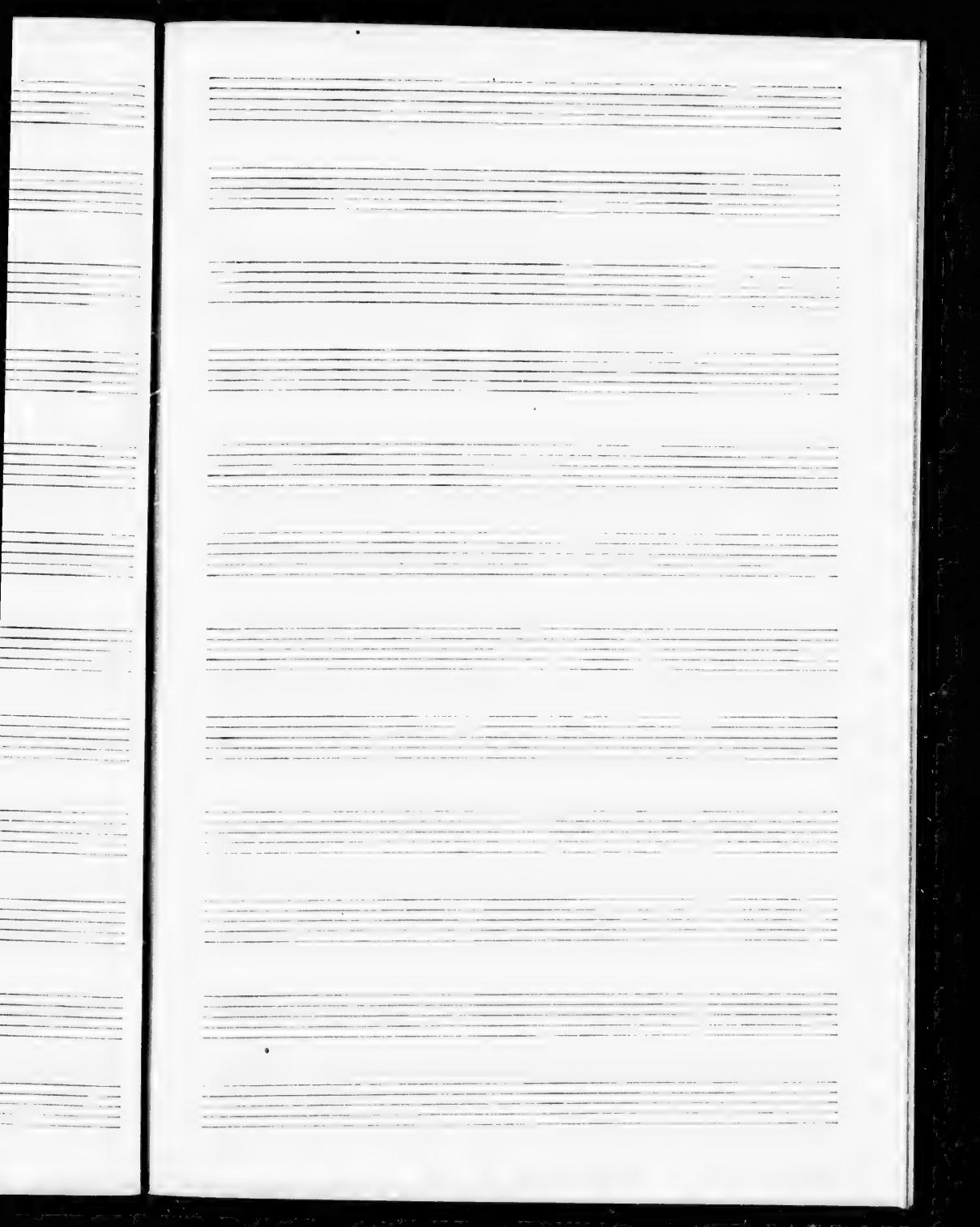
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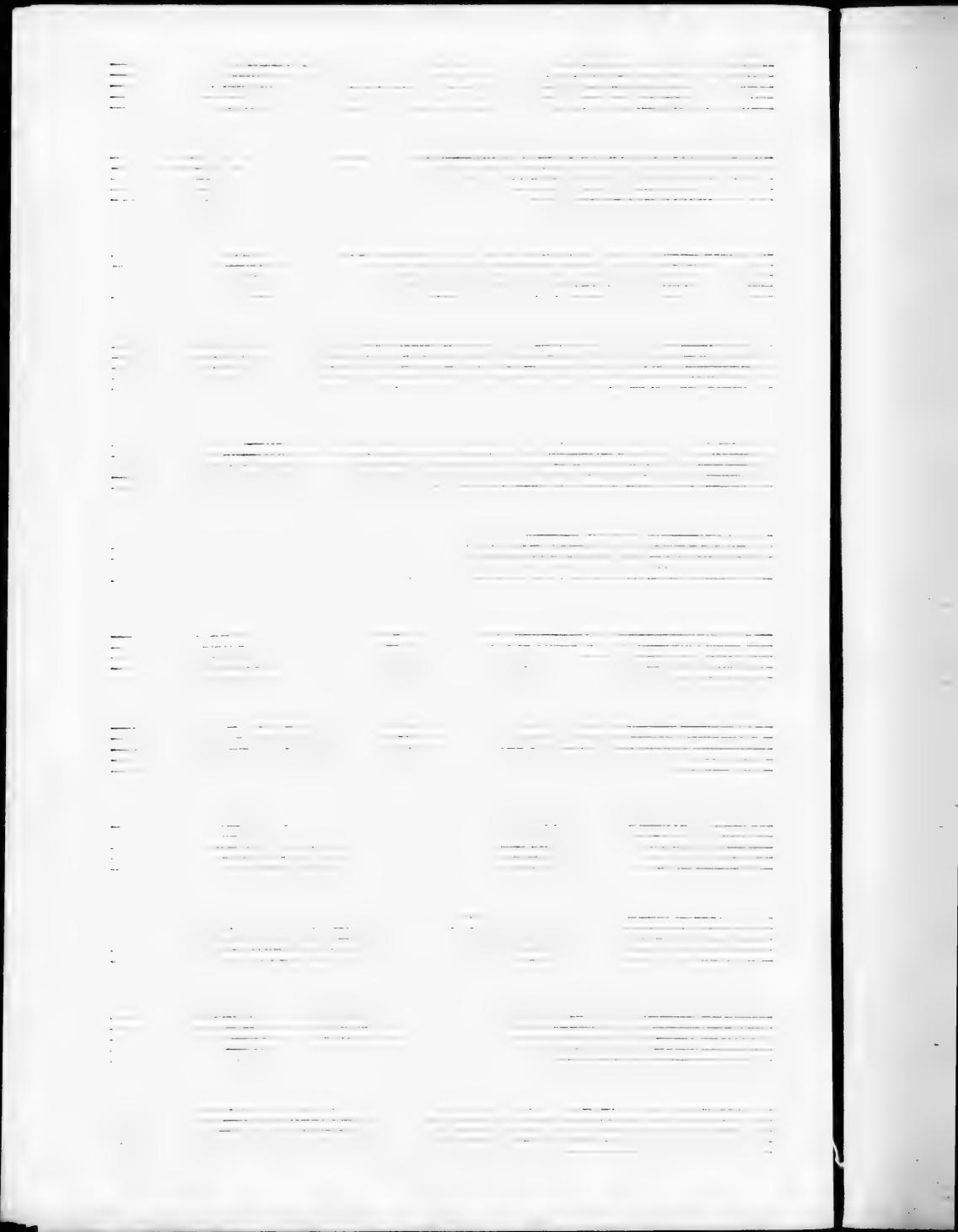


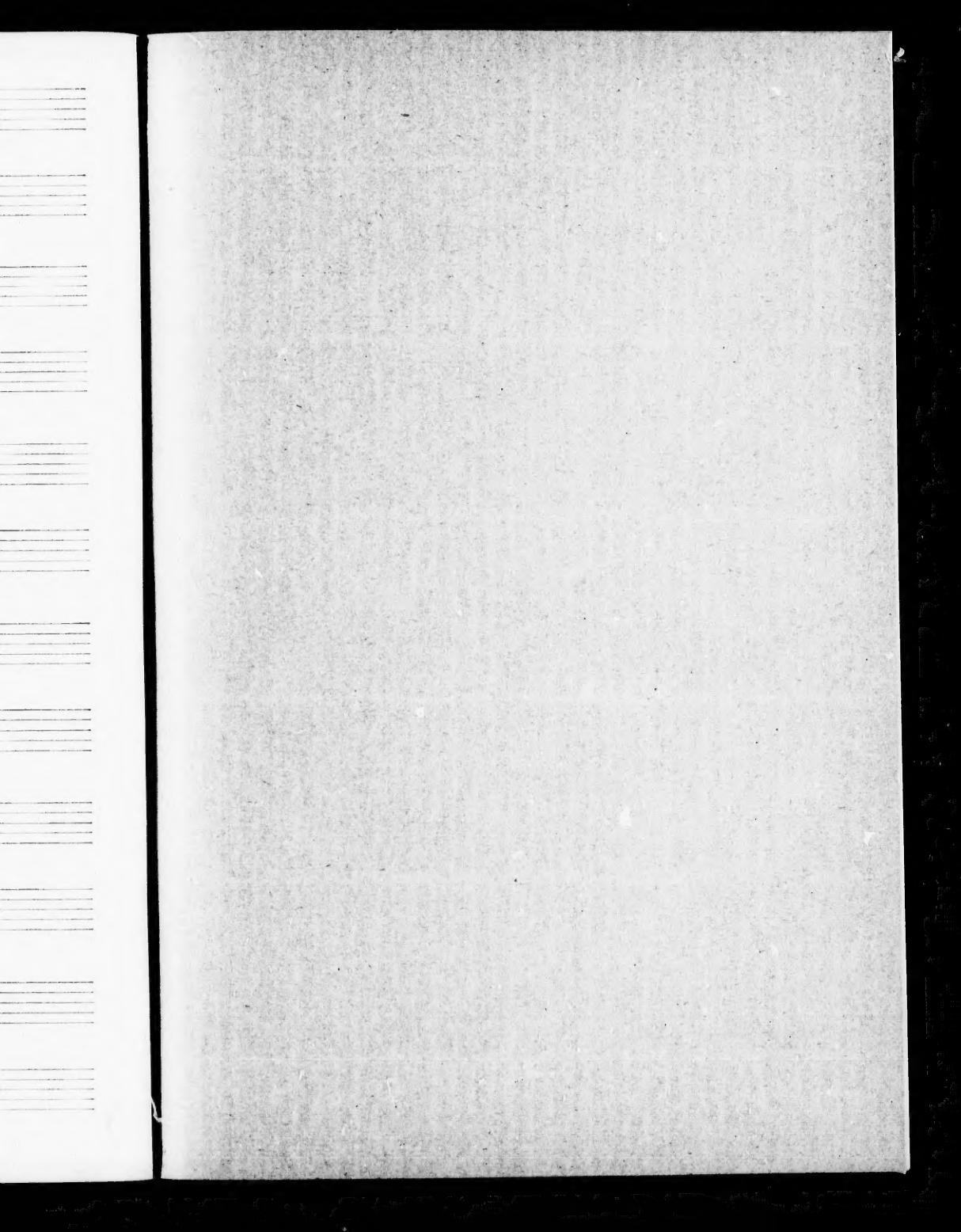
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